

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XXX.

"WE laid the poor proud creature on the sofa, and bathed his face with eau de Cologne. He spoke directly, and said that was nice, and 'My head! my head!' And I don't think he was ever quite insensible, but he did not know what was going on, for presently he opened his eyes wide, and stared at us so, and then closed them with oh such a sigh; it swelled my heart almost to bursting. And to think I could say nothing: but mamma soothed him and insisted on his keeping quiet; for he wanted to run away from us. She was never so good to him before: she said, 'My dear child, you have my pity and my esteem; alas! that at your age you should be tried like this. How few in this sorry world would have acted like you: I should have sided with my own flesh and blood, for one.'

'What, right or wrong?' he asked.

'Yes,' said she, 'right or wrong.' Then she turned to me: 'Julia, shall all the generosity be on his side?'

I kissed her and clung to her, but dared not speak; but I was mad enough to hope, I scarcely know what, till she said in the same kind sorrowful voice, 'I agree with you; you can never be my son; nor Julia's husband. But as for that money, it revolts me to proceed to extremes against one, who after all is your father, my poor, poor, chivalrous boy.' But she would decide nothing without Edward; he had taken his father's place in this house. So then I gave all up, for Edward is made of iron. Alfred was clearer sighted than I, and never had a hope: he put his arm round mamma and kissed her, and she kissed him: and he kissed my hand, and crept away, and I heard his step on the stair, and on the road ever so far, and life seemed ended for me when I heard it no more.

Edward has come home. Mamma told him all: he listened gravely: I hung upon his lips; and at last the oracle spoke; and said, 'This is a nice muddle.'

More we could not get from him; he must sleep on it. O, suspense! you torture! He

had seen a place he thinks will suit us: it is a bad omen his saying that so soon after. As I went to bed I could not help whispering, 'If he and I are parted, so will you and Jane.' The cruel boy answered me *out loud*, 'Thank you, little girl: that is a temptation; and you have put me on my guard.'

Oh, how hard it is to understand a *man*! they are so impracticable with their justice and things. I came away with my cheeks burning, and my heart like a stone; to bed, but not to sleep. My poor, poor, unhappy, noble Alfred!

"Dec. 27th. Mamma and Edward have discussed it: they say nothing to me. Can they have written to him? I go about my duties like a ghost; and pray for submission to the Divine will."

"Dec. 28th. To-day as I was reading by main force to Mrs. Eagleton's sick girl, came Sarah all in a hurry with, I was wanted, Miss. But I *would* finish my chapter, and O how hard the Devil tried to make me gabble it; so I clenched my teeth at him, and read it as if I was spelling it; and then *didn't* I fly?

He was there; and they all sat waiting for me. I was hot and cold all at the same time, and he rose and bowed to me, and I curtsied to him, and sat down and took my work, and didn't know one bit what I was doing.

And our new oracle, Edward, laid down the law like anything. 'Look here, Hardie,' said he, 'if anybody but you had told us about this fourteen thousand pounds, I should have set the police on your governor before now. But it seems to me a shabby thing to attack a father on the son's information, especially when it's out of love for one of us he has denounced his own flesh and blood.'

'No, no,' said Alfred, eagerly, 'out of love of justice.'

'Ah, you think so, my fine fellow, but you would not have done it for a stranger,' said Edward. Then he went on: 'Of all blunders, the worst is to fall between two stools: look here, mamma; we decide, for the son's sake, not to attack the father: after that it would be very inconsistent to turn the cold shoulder to the son. Another thing, who suffers most by this fraud? why the man that marries Julia.' Alfred burst out impetuously, 'Oh, prove that to me, and let me be that sufferer.' Edward turned calmly to

mamma: 'If the fourteen thousand pounds was in our hands, what should you do with it?'

The dear thing said she should settle at least ten thousand of it on Me, and marry Me to this poor motherless boy, 'whom I have learned to love myself,' said she.

'There,' said Edward, 'you see it is you who lose by your governor's—I won't say what—if you marry my sister.'

Alfred took his hand, and said, 'God bless you for telling me this.'

Then Edward turned to mamma and me; and said, 'This poor fellow has left his father's house because he wronged us: then this house ought to open its arms to him: that is only justice; but now to be just to our side; I have been to Mr. Crawford, the lawyer, and I find this Hardie junior has ten thousand pounds of his own. That ought to be settled on Julia, to make up for what she loses by Hardie senior's—I won't say what.'

'If anybody settles any of their trash on me, I'll beat them, and throw it in the fire,' said I; 'and I hated money.'

The oracle asked me directly did I hate clothes and food, and charity to the poor, and cleanliness, and decency? Then I didn't hate money, 'for none of these things can exist without money, you little romantic humbug; you shut up!'

Mamma rebuked him for his expressions, but approved his sentiments. But I did not care for his sentiments: for *he* smiled on me, and said, 'We two are of one mind; we shall transfer our fortune to Captain Dodd, whom my father has robbed. Julia will consent to share my honest poverty.'

'Well, we will talk about that,' said Edward, pompously.

'Talk about it without me, then,' I cried, and got up, and marched out indignant: only it was partly my low cunning to hide my face that I could not keep the rapture out of. And, as soon as I had retired with cold dignity, off I skipped into the garden to let my face loose, and I think they sent him after me; for I heard his quick step behind me; so I ran away from him as hard as I could, and of course he soon caught me; in the shrubbery where he first asked me to be his; and he kissed both my hands again and again like wildfire, as he is, and he said, 'You are right, dearest; let them talk of their trash while I tell you how I adore you; poverty with you will be the soul's wealth; even misfortune, by your side, would hardly be misfortune: let all the world go, and let you and I be one, and live together, and die together; for now I see I could not have lived without you, nor without your love.' And I whispered something on his shoulder, no matter what; what signifies the cackle of a goose? and we mingled our happy tears, and our hearts, and our souls. Ah, Love is a sweet, a dreadful passion: what we two have gone through for one another in a few months! He dined with us, and Edward and he sat a long, long, time talking; I dare say it was only about their odious money; still I envied Edward having him so

long. But at last he came up, and devoured me with his lovely grey eyes, and I sang him Aileen Aroon, and he whispered things in my ear, oh, such sweet, sweet, idiotic, darling, things; I will not part with even the shadow of one of them by putting it on paper, only I am the blesseddest creature in all the world; and I only hope to goodness it is not very wicked to be so happy as I am.'

'Dec. 31st. It is all settled. Alfred returns to Oxford to make up for lost time; the time spent in construing Me instead of Greek: and at the end of term he is to come of age and marry—somebody. Marriage! oh what a word to put down! It makes me tingle; it thrills me; it frightens me, deliciously: no, not deliciously; anything but: for suppose, being both of us fiery, and they all say one of them ought to be cold blooded for a pair to be happy, I should make him a downright bad wife. Why then I hope I shall die in a year or two out of my darling's way, and let him have a good one instead.'

I'd come back from the grave and tear her to pieces."

"Jan. 4th. Found a saint in a garret over a stable. Took her my luncheon clandestinely; that is ladylike for 'under my apron.' and was detected and expostulated by Ned. He took me into his studio—it is carpeted with shavings—and showed me the 'Tiser digest, an enormous book he has made of newspaper cuttings all in apple-pie order; I mean alphabetical; and out of this Authority he proved vice and poverty abound most wherever there are most charities. Oh, and 'the poor' a set of intoxicated sneaks, and Me a Demoralising Influence. It is all very fine: but why are there saints in garrets, and half starved? that rouses all my evil passions, and I cannot bear it; it is no use."

"Jan. 6th. Once a gay day; but now a sad one. Mamma gone to see poor papa, where he is. Alfred found me sorrowful, and rested my forehead on his shoulder; that soothed me, while it lasted. I think I should like to grow there. Mem.! to burn this diary; and never let a creature see a syllable.

As soon as he was gone, prayed earnestly on my knees not to make an idol of him. For it is our poor idols that are destroyed for *our* weakness. Which really I cannot quite see the justice of."

"Jan. 8th. Jane does not approve my proposal that we should praise now and then at the same hour instead of always praying. The dear girl sends me her unconverted diary 'to show me she is "a brand."' I have read most of it. But really it seems to me she was always goodish: only she went to parties, and read novels, and enjoyed society.

There, I have finished it. Oh dear, how like her *unconverted* diary is to my *converted* one!"

"Jan. 14th. A sorrowful day: he and I parted, after a fortnight of the tenderest affection, and that mutual respect, without which neither of us, I think, could love long. I had resolved to be very brave; but we were alone, and his bright

face looked so sad; the change in it took me by surprise and my resolution failed; I clung to him. If gentlemen could interpret, as we can, he would never have left me. It is better as it is. He kissed my tears away as fast as they came: it was the first time he had ever kissed more than my hand: so I shall have that to think of, and his dear promised letters: but it made me cry more at the time, of course. Some day, when we have been married years and years, I shall tell him not to go and pay a lady for every tear; if he wants her to leave off.

"The whole place so gloomy and vacant now."

"Jan. 20th. Poverty stares us in the face. Edward says we could make a modest living in London; and nobody be the wiser: but here we are known, and 'must be ladies and gentlemen, and fools,' he says. He has now made me seriously promise not to give money and things out of the house to the poor: it is robbing my mother and him. Ah, now I see it is nonsense to despise money: here I come home sad from my poor people; and I used to return warm all over. And the poor old souls do not enjoy my sermons half so much as when I gave them things to eat along with them.

The dear boy, that I always loved dearly, but *admire* and love now that he has turned an intolerable tyrant, and he used to be Wax, has put down two maids out of our three, and brings our dinner up himself in a jacket, then puts on his coat and sits down with us, and we sigh at him and he grins and derides us; he does not care one straw for Pomp. And mamma and I have to dress one another now. And I like it."

"Jan. 30th. He says we may now, by great economy, subsist honestly till my wedding-day; but then mamma and he must '*abscquatulate*.' Oh, what stout hearts men have. They can jest at sorrow even when, in spite of their great thick skins, they feel it. Ah, the real poor are happy; they marry, and need not leave the parish where their mother lives."

"Feb. 4th. A kind and most delicate letter from Jane. She says, 'Papa and I are much grieved at Captain Dodd's affliction, and deeply concerned at your loss by the Bank. Papa has asked Uncle Thomas for two hundred pounds, and I entreat you to oblige me by receiving it at my hands and applying it according to the dictates of your own affectionate heart.'

Actually our Viceroy will not let me take it: he says he will not accept a crumb from the man who owes us a loaf."

"Feb. 8th. Jane mortified, and no wonder. If she knew how very poor we are, she would be surprised as well. I have implored her not to take it to heart, for that all will be explained one day, and she will see we *could* not.

His dear letters! I feed on them. We have no secrets, no two minds. He is to be a first class and then a private tutor. Our money is to go to mamma: it is he and I that are to work our fingers to the bone (I am so happy!), and never let them be driven by injustice from their home.

But all this is a great secret. The Viceroy will be defeated, only I let him talk till Alfred is here to back me. No; it is *not* just the rightful owner of fourteen thousand pounds should be poor.

How shallow female education is: I was always led to suppose modesty is the highest virtue. No such thing! Justice is the queen of the virtues; *he* is justice incarnate."

"March 10th. On reperusing this diary, it is demoralising; very: it feeds self. Of all the detestable compositions! Me, Me, Me, from one end to another: for when it is not about myself, it is about Alfred, and that it is my *he-Me* though not my *she-one*. So now to turn over a new leaf: from this day I shall record only the things that happen in this house and what my betters say to me, not what I say; and the texts; and outline of the sermons; and Jane's Christian admonitions."

Before a resolve so virtuous all impure spirits retire, taking off their hats, bowing down to the very ground, and apprehending Small Beer.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Extracts from Jane Hardie's Diary:

"MARCH 3RD. In my district again, the first time since my illness, from which I am indeed but half recovered. Spoke faithfully to Mrs. B. about her infidel husband: told her not to try and talk to him, but to talk to God about him. Gave her my tract, 'A quiet heart.' Came home tired. Prayed to be used to sharpen the sickles of other reapers."

"March 4th. At St. Philip's to hear the Bishop. In the midst of an excellent sermon on Gen. i. 2, he came out with the waters of baptism, to my horror: he disclaimed the extravagant view some of them take; then hankered after what he denied, and then partly unsaid *that* too. While the poor man was trimming his sails, I slunk behind a pillar in the corner of my pew, and fell on my knees, and prayed against the stream of poison flowing on the congregation. Oh, I felt like Jeremiah in his dungeon.

In the evening papa forbade me to go to church again: said the wind was too cold: I kissed him, and went up to my room and put my head between the pillows not to hear the bells. Prayed for poor Alfred."

"March 5th. Sadly disappointed in J. D. I did hope He was embittering the world to her by degrees. But for some time past she writes in ill-concealed spirits.

Another friend, after seeking rest in the world, is now seeking it in Ritualism. May both be drawn from their rotten reeds to the cross.

And oh this moral may my heart retain,
All hopes of happiness on earth are vain."

"March 6th. The cat is out of the bag. She is corresponding with Alfred; indeed she makes no secret of it. Wrote her a faithful letter. Received a short reply, saying I had made her unhappy, and begging me to suspend my judg-

ment till she could undeceive me without giving me too much pain. What mystery is this?"

"March 7th. Alfred announces his unalterable determination to marry Julia. I read the letter to papa directly. He was silent for a long time: and then said, 'All the worse for both of them.' It was all I could do to suppress a thrill of carnal complacency at the thought this might in time pave the way to another union. Even to think of that now is a sin. 1 Cor. vii., 20-4, plainly shows that whatever position^d of life we are placed in, there it is our duty to abide. A child, for instance, is placed in subjection to her parents; and must not leave them without their consent."

"March 8th. Sent two cups of cold water to two fellow-pilgrims of mine on the way to Jerusalem, viz.: to E. H., Rom. viii. 1; to Mrs. M., Philipp. ii. 27.

Prayed for increase of humility. I am so afraid my great success^e in His vineyard has seduced me into feeling as if there was a spring of living water in myself, instead of every drop derived from the true fountain."

"March 9th. Dr. Wycherley closeted two hours with papa—papa had sent for him, I find. What is it makes me think that man is no true friend to Alfred in his advice? I don't like these roundabout speakers: the lively oracles are not roundabout."

"March 10th. My beloved friend and fellow-labourer, Charlotte D—, ruptured a blood-vessel^f at 3 P.M., and was conveyed in the chariots of angels to the heavenly banqueting house, to go no more out. May I be found watching."

"March 11th. Dreadfully starved with these afternoon sermons. If they go on like this, I really *must* stay at home, and feed upon the word."

"March 12th. Alfred has written to his trustees, and announced his coming marriage, and told them he is going to settle all his money upon the Dodds. Papa quite agitated by this news: it did not come from Alfred; one of the trustees wrote to papa. Oh, the blessing of Heaven will never rest on this unnatural marriage. Wrote a faithful letter to Alfred while papa was writing to our trustee."

"March 13th. My book on Solomon's Song now ready for publication. But it is so difficult now-a-days to find a publisher for such a subject. The rage is for sentimental sermons, or else for fiction^g under a thin disguise of religious biography."

"March 14th. Mr. Plummer, of whose zeal and unction I had heard so much, was in the town and heard of me, and came to see me by appointment just after luncheon. Such a sweet meeting. He came in and took my hand, and in that posture prayed that the Holy Spirit might be with us to make our conversation profitable to us, and redound to His glory. Poor man, his wife leads him a cat and dog life, I hear, with her jealousy. We had a *sweet* talk; he admires Canticles almost as much as I do^h: and has

promised to take my book and get it cast on the Lordⁱ for me."

"March 15th. To *please*, one must not be faithful^j. Miss L., after losing all her relations, and at thirty years of age, is to be married next week. She came to me and gushed out about the blessing of having at last one earthly friend to whom she could confide everything. On this I felt it my duty to remind her she might lose him by death, and then what a blank! and I was going on to detach her from the arm of flesh, when she burst out crying and left me abruptly; couldn't bear the truth, poor woman."

In the afternoon met *him* and bowed, and longed to speak, but thought it my duty not to: cried bitterly on reaching home."

"March 17th. Transcribed all the texts on Solomon's Song. It seems to be the way He^k has marked out for me to serve him."

"March 19th. Received this letter from Alfred:

'Dear Jane,—I send you a dozen kisses and a piece of advice; learn more; teach less: study more; preach less: and don't be in such a hurry to judge and condemn your intellectual and moral superiors, on insufficient information.

Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED.'

A poor return for me loving his soul as my own. I do but advise him the self-denial I myself pursue. Woe be to him if he rejects it."

"March 20th. A perverse reply from J. D. I had proposed we should plead for our parents at the Throne. She says she fears that might seem like assuming the office of the mediator: and besides her mother is nearer Heaven than she is. What blindness! I don't know a more thoroughly unhealthy mind than poor Mrs.^l Dodd's. I am learning to pray walking. Got this idea from Mr. Plummer. How closely he walks! his mind so *exactly* suits mine."

"March 22nd. Alfred returned. Went to meet him at the station. How bright and handsome he looked! He kissed me so affectionately; and was as kind and loving as could be: I, poor unfaithful wretch, went hanging^m on his arm and had not the heart to dash his carnal happiness just then.

He is gone *there*."

"March 24th. Stole into Alfred's lodging when he was out; and, after prayer, pinned Deuteronomy xxvii. 16, Proverbs xiii. 1, and xv. 5, and Mark vii. 10, upon his bed-curtains."

"March 25th. Alfred has been in my room, and nailed Matthew vii. 1, Mark x. 7, and Ezek. xviii. 20, on my wall. He found my diary, and has read it, not to profit by, alas! but to scoff."

[Specimen of Alfred's comments. N.B. Fraternal criticism:

A. Nolo Episcopari.

B. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

D. The old trick; picking one text, straining it; and ignoring six. So then nobody, who is not born married, must get married.

E. Recipe. To know people's real estimate of

themselves, study their language of self-depreciation. If, even when they undertake to lower themselves, they cannot help insinuating self-praise, be sure their humility is a puddle, their vanity is a well. This sentence is typical of the whole Diary, or rather Iary; it sounds Publican, smells Pharisee.

X. How potent a thing is language in the hand of a master! Here is sudden death made humorous by a few incongruous phrases neatly disposed.

F. Excuse me; there is still a little market for the Liquefaction of Holy Writ, and the Perversion of Holy Writ; two deathless arts, which meet in your comment on the song you ascribe to Solomon.

Z. More than Mrs. Plummer does, apparently.

G. Apotheosis of the British public. How very like profaneness some people's Piety is!

C. H. Faith, with this school, means anything the opposite of Charity.

I. You are morally truthful: but intellectually mendacious. The texts on Solomon's Song! You know very well there is not one. No grave writer in all Scripture has ever deigned to cite, or notice, that coarse composition; puellarum deliciae.

J. Modest periphrasis for "I like it." Motto for this Diary; "Ego, et Deus meus."

K. In other words a good, old fashioned, sober, humble Christian, to whom the daring familiarities of your school seem blasphemies.

M. Here I recognise my sister; somewhat spoiled by a detestable sect; but lovable by nature (which she is for ever abusing); and therefore always amiable, when off her guard.]

"March 28th. Mr. Crawford the attorney called and told papa his son had instructed him to examine the trust-deed, and to draw his marriage settlement. Papa treated him with the greatest civility, and brought him the deed. He wanted to take it away to copy; but papa said he had better send a clerk here. Poor papa hid his distress from this gentleman, though not from me; and gave him a glass of wine.

Then Mr. Crawford chatted, and let out Alfred had asked him to advance a hundred pounds for the wedding presents, &c. Papa said he might do so with perfect safety.

But the moment he was gone, his whole manner changed. He walked about in terrible anger and agitation: and then sat down and wrote letters; one was to uncle Thomas; and one to a Mr. Wycherley; I believe a brother of the doctor's. I never knew him so long writing two letters before.

Heard a noise in the road, and it was Mr. Maxley, and the boys after him hooting; they have found out his infirmity: what a savage animal is man, till grace changes him! The poor soul had a stick, and now and then turned and struck at them; but his tormentors were too nimble. I drew papa to the window, and showed him, and reminded him of the poor man's request. He answered impatiently what was that to him? 'we have a worse case nearer hand. Charity

begins at home.' I ventured to say yes, but it did not begin *and* end at home."

"March 31. Mr. Osmond here to-day; and over my work I heard papa tell him Alfred is blackening his character in the town with some impossible story about fourteen thousand pounds. Mr. Osmond very kind and sympathising; set it all down to illusion; assured papa there was neither malice nor insincerity in it. 'But what the better am I for that?' said poor papa: 'if I am slandered, I am slandered.' And they went out together.

Papa seems to feel this engagement more than all his troubles, and, knowing by sad experience it is useless to expostulate with Alfred, I wrote a long and faithful letter to Julia just before luncheon, putting it to her as a Christian whether she could reconcile it to her profession to set a son against his father, and marry him in open defiance.

She replied 3 p.m. that her mother approved the marriage, and she owed no obedience, nor affection either, to *my* parent.

3.30 Sent back a line rebuking her for this quibble.

At 5 received a note from Mrs. Dodd proposing that the correspondence between myself and her daughter should cease *for the present*.

5.30. Retorted with an amendment that it should cease *for ever*. No reply. Such are worldlings! Remonstrance only galls them. And so in one afternoon's correspondence ends one more of my Christian friendships with persons of my own sex. This is the eighth, to which a carnal attachment has been speedily fatal.

In the evening Alfred came in looking very red, and asked me whether it was not self-reliant and uncharitable of me to condemn so many estimable persons, all better acquainted with the circumstances than I am. I replied with the fifth commandment. He bit his lip and said, 'We had better not meet again, until you have found out which is worthiest of honour, your father or your brother.' And with this he left abruptly; and something tells me I shall not see him again. My faithfulness has wounded him to the quick. Alas! Prayed for him: and cried myself to sleep."

"April 4th. Met *him* disguised as a common workman, and carrying a sack full of things. I was so shocked I could not maintain my resolution; I said, Oh, Mr. Edward, what are you doing? He blushed a little, but told me he was going to sell some candlesticks and things of his making: and he should get a better price in that dress; all traders looked on a *gentleman* as a thing made to be pillaged. Then he told me he was going to turn them into a bonnet and a wreath; and his beautiful brown eyes sparkled with affection. What egotistical creatures *they* must be! I was quite overcome, and said oh why did he refuse our offer? did he hate me so very much that he would not even take his due from my hand? No, he said, nobody in our house is so unjust to you as to hate you; my sister honours

you, and is very sorry you think ill of her: and, as for me, I love you; you know how I love you. I hid my face in my hands; and sobbed out, Oh, you must not; you must not; my poor father has one disobedient child already. He said softly, Don't cry, dear one; have a little patience; perhaps the clouds will clear: and, meantime, why think so ill of us? Consider, we are four in number, of different dispositions, yet all of one mind about Julia marrying Alfred. May we not be right; may we not know something we love you too well to tell you? His words and his rich manly voice were so soothing; I gave him just one hand while I still hid my burning face with the other; he kissed the hand I yielded him, and left me abruptly.

If Alfred should be right! I am staggered now; *he* puts it so much more convincingly."

"April 5th. A letter from Alfred, announcing his wedding by special license for the 11th.

Made no reply. What *could* I say?

Papa, on my reading it out, left his very breakfast half finished, and packed up his bag and rushed up to London. I caught a side view of his face; and I am miserable. Such a new, such a terrible expression: a vile expression! Heaven forgive me, it seemed the look of one who meditated a *crime*."

PATCHED LAW.

WE have all heard something of a society "For Promoting the Amendment of the Law," and we know how laboriously many of the foremost men in the legal profession strive to harmonise and arrange in compact rows the clumsy foundations of a legal system designed for a half-civilised society. There is no department of law that does not require their attention. Let us take, for example, one in which they have been lately working to some purpose, and show how in dealing with the common course of crimes and offences, the old coat of criminal law has been outgrown, has burst into rents and broken into holes, but has been cherished with darts and patches down to our own day: nothing so revolutionary as a refit being dreamed of.

If an Anglo-Saxon murderer were caught in the act, knife in hand, or if an Anglo-Saxon thief were taken with the plunder in his hand, or on his back, there was no process of law called for; the constable, sheriff, or lord of the franchise, might kill him without inquiry.* But if he were not so caught, nobody was wise enough to see the force of circumstantial evidence. To this day, the effect of the strongest circumstantial evidence is lost upon the unsophisticated Anglo-Saxon; murderers and murderesses, condemned most righteously upon such evidence, find upholders of their innocence, and petitioners in

their favour, all over the land. The original Anglo-Saxon, yet untouched by Norman wit, never looked, when there was possibility of doubt, to the shrewd linking of fact with fact. The question was simply one of character. Was the accused a man likely to rob or murder? If the injured man were the accuser, he must bring seven witnesses to swear that he did not accuse in malice. If the accused were of inferior rank, his lord and two thanes having sworn to his character, his own oath and that of a certain number of friendly neighbours would suffice to free him, or he might appeal to the ordeal of boiling water or hot iron. If the lord refused his testimony, there must be more inferior oaths of confidence, or a more severe ordeal. Conviction involved, in such cases, not capital punishment, but the infliction of a penalty which was the price of redemption from death; with this was sometimes joined a penalty paid in the person. A man frequently charged with theft, at last forfeited a hand or foot as well as money. There were penalties also of banishment and slavery, and four or five crimes were at one time set forth, any one of which was pronounced inexorable.

The courts which decided these questions were the sheriff's circuit, or toun, and the leet. The toun was held by the sheriff and bishop, twice a year in every hundred. The leet was an inferior court, for a hundred or manor too remote to be conveniently included in the circuit. The judges in these courts had nothing to investigate. They simply saw that, at a sort of public meeting, each party produced or failed to produce the due number of swearers for or against character; the whole arrangement of the evidence being a local matter; the judges had also to see that ordeals appealed to were gone through, and that fines incurred were paid. The king had a jurisdiction above that of all courts, and gave special protections of law, under the name of 'the king's peace,' to those whom he favoured.

When the Normans came, they modified the law they found, and began by making the king's peace, not an exceptional favour, but the universal guarantee. It was proclaimed, once for all, at the beginning of each reign; but the proclamation was regarded as so necessary, that, in the interval between the death of one monarch and the recognition of his successor, the crown courts were held to have no power of inflicting punishment. Henry de Bracton, who was one of Henry the Third's judges in the year twelve 'forty-four, wrote a book on the Laws and Customs of England, in which he describes "how and in what order the judges ought to proceed in their eyre" (that is to say, in itinere, on their circuit). They were to give at least fifteen days' notice of their coming to each place, and then, having read the writ under which they sat, should call together privately six or more of the chief men of the county, and teach them how they were lawfully to keep the peace, how and when to raise hue and cry and arrest suspected persons, or those who bought

* An ancient Scotch law is exquisitely pointed and brief:—"Gif ony mon steal a cow, he sall be hangit."

provisions for robbers, or travelled by night and could not give an account of themselves. Such duties these half-dozen leading men were then sworn to discharge. Then, there were called together the sergeants and bailiffs of hundreds, who named each from his own hundred four knights, and these elected from each hundred twelve more knights, or free and lawful men if knights could not be found, as a jury that was to return, in answer to a string of questions, all particulars of internal administration. In this respect, therefore, the judges in eyre were not judges, but collectors of information for the use of government. The trials were of two sorts. In one, there was an individual accuser; in the other, there was common report. If there were an individual accuser, the proceeding was called an appeal, and the trial was generally by battle. Preliminary inquiries had to be met by the appellant, and if the evidence of crime were beyond all doubt, the accused was denied his right of battle, and immediately executed. The right of appeal to force was not abolished, during long practical disuse, until the year eighteen 'nineteen, when, in the case of *Ashford v. Thornton*, the appellee "waged his body," and threw down his glove in Westminster Hall: the court ruling that he had a right to do so. If, in the old law court, the accusation were by common report from the jury of the hundred, the judge first satisfied himself of the good faith and discretion of the jury, and then entrusted to that jury, or to another, the decision of the case by sworn opinion of report and witness to each other, with or without other evidence. The charge given to the jury was, "A. B., here present, accused of the death of C. D., denies the death and the whole charge, and puts himself for good and evil on your voices." The charge now given is, "A. B. stands indicted for the wilful murder of C. D. To this indictment he has pleaded not guilty. Your charge is to say whether he is guilty or not, and hearken to the evidence." To avoid action of private malice the accused had liberty to challenge jurors, and even eventually to refuse to be tried by a particular judge.

We are taking this narrative from an historical sketch that forms part of a new and very thoughtful book on the spirit of English criminal law (*A General View of the Criminal Law of England*) by the Recorder of Newark-on-Trent, Mr. James Fitzjames Stephen.

The jury, then, were not originally hearers of evidence, but formed an inquest of men personally acquainted with the matter in hand, who swore to it as informants of the judge. The system was common in Normandy as well as in England, and applied not only to the trial of offences, but to the collection of revenue, and every other branch of the executive government. The inquest by jury was held originally for the advantage of the sovereign; but incorporated bodies of Englishmen soon learn to act with independence, and the jury system thus became a restraint on undue exercise of the prerogative. The king, who looked to be informed of

his rights by the people, was checked in the enforcement of oppressive claims. The official witnesses of a rude age thus gradually became judges informed by witnesses; and the judges, who at first were chiefly collectors and registrars of the information furnished by juries, would then find use for their knowledge of law in superintending the admissibility of evidence and summing up its effect. The grand jury, which acted for the whole county, and whose business was to accuse and not to try, was separated from the petty jury, in the reign of Edward the Third. Thus the present system of trial by grand jury, judge, petty jury, and witnesses, was gradually constructed between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries.

For the catching of criminals, the arrangements used to be very elaborate. The oldest institution for the purpose was the frank-pledge, or joint responsibility of a certain number of persons for the offence of any one among them. Every one had to be a member of some frank-pledge. Watch and ward on the king's highway was kept by four men summoned from every hide in the hundred, under command of the ward-reeve, who was paid by grant of his own land free of taxation, but was personally liable for negligence, and was fined if a robber escaped with his prey. Frank-pledge was an Anglo-Saxon institution strongly maintained by the Normans. Statutes of Edward the First further provided that each hundred should be answerable for robberies; that the gates of all great towns should be shut from sunset to sunrise; that highways were to be cleared of brushwood for a breadth of two hundred feet on each side; that there should be fortnightly inquiry by the bailiffs for suspicious persons; that every man was to keep arms and show them twice a year to appointed viewiers; and that whenever a crime was committed, hue and cry was to be raised and followed immediately by all persons bound to do so, to the borders of their bailiwick. The sheriff was at the head of the power of the county (*posse comitatus*), his duty was to keep the peace, to follow the hue and cry himself, or by his bailiffs, and to seize offenders. The coroner was, on honest information, to go to the places where lay any slain, or suddenly dead or wounded, or where houses were broken, or where treasure was said to be found, "and shall forthwith command four of the next towns, or five or six, to appear before him in such a place; and when they are come hither, the coroner, upon the oath of them, shall inquire—" This whole system, although never formally superseded, has in its original form become practically obsolete.

Hardly anything has been added to the law for detection of crimes, though a few things have been taken away from it. The Tudors and Stuarts tried innovations, especially by introducing the custom of examination by torture, but they failed to establish them. The practice of not examining a prisoner's witnesses, or not examining them on oath, was formally abolished; the rule that denied counsel to persons accused of felony or treason, was abolished as to treason

under William the Third, but as to felony only as late as the year eighteen 'thirty-six. It had been fitfully relaxed during the eighteenth century, prisoners' counsel being sometimes only forbidden to address the jury, sometimes forbidden also to cross-examine or examine witnesses. There are lawyers living, who now see their error, by whom this barbarous injustice was fought for, as a precious relic of the wisdom of the past. With about equal reason on their side, there are lawyers now—Mr. Stephens himself among them—who argue against the substitution of an open Court of Appeal in Criminal Cases, for the informal secret inquiry by the Home-office. Only the other day, a cruel murderess at Glasgow saved her life by adding, after conviction, breach of the ninth commandment to breach of the sixth. Against the maintained conviction of the judge and jury who tried her, she not only obtained this advantage privately from the Home-office, but also procured a sort of government endorsement of her lie against an innocent old man, on unsworn evidence privately taken, which the House of Commons has since forced into publication, and which proves to be so utterly worthless that, if publicly sworn to in a court of justice, and untouched by rebutter or by cross-examination, it would have left the original conviction wholly unaffected. No legal theorizing can get over one such fact in support of the necessity of a public Court of Criminal Appeal, in which rehearing shall be strict and just to every side, and any new evidence produced shall publicly be weighed and sifted.

The modern law of the arrest of criminals—consolidated not more than a dozen years ago—makes no provision for the collection of evidence or for the examination of suspicious persons, nor does it impose on the police any particular responsibility. Justices of the peace, whose office was first established five hundred and three years ago, can grant a warrant upon information that any private person, interested or disinterested, is at liberty to swear; and the whole object of the law is in that case to ensure the appearance of the suspected person. Accusation is a voluntary matter, free to all; the police are not under any legal obligation to accuse, and are entrusted with no special authority. No law constitutes them a detective force. As for the magistrate, he brings peculiar responsibility upon himself if he should venture to initiate a prosecution.

Now, as to the definition of crimes and punishments at different periods of our history. Bracton's list was of treason, treasonable forgery (of the king's seal or coinage), homicide, mayhem—which meant an act disabling another from self-defence—thus it was mayhem to knock out a front tooth, but not mayhem to knock out a grinder—arson, theft, and the lighter misdemeanors.

The old definition of high treason was very vague, and included appropriation without grant of free warren in one's own land, or taking the king's venison or fish. More recently there

have been temporary enactments, as when it was made treason to publish objection to the marriage between Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn, or when Rouse the cook was boiled to death as a traitor for poisoning many persons in Lambeth Palace. As regards the sovereign, the present conception of treason is a forcible resistance to the law as represented by the royal authority.

Latitude of interpretation to stretch old definitions to the size of modern needs, occurs also in dealing with a murderer. There was an early distinction between manslaughter, which did not, and that worst sort of murder which did, consist in the deliberate resolve of one person to kill another and his doing it. "Malice aforethought" seemed to be a convenient test of the distinction between these two classes of homicide, and that definition was accordingly adopted. But it presently appeared that there were wanton and sudden murders, without evidence of grudge, as sudden killing by robbers of a stranger who resists, and like crimes of deep dye, in which "malice aforethought" could not be directly proved. To meet such cases, the doctrine of "implied malice" was invented, and it is now murder with malice aforethought if a person shooting at a hen, with the intent to steal, should kill accidentally a person whom he did not see.

Theft in old time could only be very direct and simple. There is extant, a return made towards the end of the reign of Edward the First of the personal property in Colchester, and four neighbouring townships, for the purpose of assessment. There were no banks, and what money a man had was in his house; yet the largest sums of money possessed in the town were one of thirty shillings, and one of ten shillings—equal to twenty-five times as much in present value. The return, otherwise, is of brazen pots, drinking-cups, tablecloths, quarters of rye and barley, bullocks, calves, and sucking-pigs. Theft of such goods could only be direct and obvious. A knotty point afterwards arose as to the cutting down and carrying off of trees on a man's land, trees not being movables; afterwards it was held that a box of charters was not movable, because charters related to land, and "the box followed the nature of the charters."

Another difficulty arose as civilisation spread its more complex machinery over the land. Taking out of possession was essential to larceny; but debts, money due on bond, bills, notes, &c., were not in possession, and therefore were not capable of being taken out of possession. The old principle and the old definition were as usual considered sacred. But when it appeared that servants robbed their masters with impunity because they only stole what was entrusted to them voluntarily, the law made theft by servants, felony; and for the next two hundred years, lawyers interpreted by arguing that the possession of the servant is, under particular circumstances, the possession of the master, so that for a man to take out of his own possession as a servant is to take out of his master's pos-

session and to put into his own possession as a thief. Special acts also were passed for protection of property at the Post-office and Bank of England. But after all that had been done in the way of patch and darn in the last year of the last century, it was held that no sort of interpretation would make it felony in a banker's clerk to put into his own pocket a bank-note paid to a customer's account across the counter. This difficulty was met by a special statute of embezzlement, which led to the acquittal of many persons obviously guilty of embezzlement, because they had been indicted for theft. Twelve years ago, this new difficulty was met by another act for the suppression of such quibbles, which has, after all, only shifted the ground of difficulty. By the new arrangement, if a man guilty of theft be indicted for embezzlement, he can be convicted of theft. But if it can be then shown that his crime was, after all, embezzlement, the conviction is quashed, and the man goes free.

And all this course of legislation to correct an elementary and very simple fault in the first definition of theft, was only designed to meet one sort of difficulty. Fifty years ago, it was for the first time discovered that there was no check upon dishonesty in factors, agents, and bankers. A stockbroker, named Benjamin Walsh, was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing from Sir Thomas Plumer, eleven thousand five hundred pounds, part of the proceeds of a cheque given him for the purchase of Exchequer bills. It was held that the indictment could not be supported, "because there was no fraud or contrivance to induce Sir Thomas Plumer to give the cheque; because it could not be called his goods or chattels, and was of no value in his hands; because he never had possession of the money received for it at the bankers, so that it could not be called his money; and because the bankers were discharged of the money by paying it on the cheque, so that they were not defrauded, and it could not be said that the money was stolen from them." This sort of case was also met by a special enactment, which still left unpunished all fraudulent breaches of trust, except those committed by bankers, merchants, brokers, attorneys, or other agents, in violation of express written directions. The scandal of a fraudulent trustee led afterwards, and not very long ago, to more special enactments for including more cases of breach of trust. But still the original defect of an imperfect definition of theft was not cured. A clergyman, treasurer to a local missionary society, pocketed money that he ought to have paid to the central committee. The trustee of a friendly society pocketed forty pounds that he was directed by a resolution of the lodge to take to a bank and pay in. In each case the law said that the offender was no thief, because he was not obliged to pay the identical coins received, and therefore did not come under the act that covers larceny by a bailee.

The confusion and injustice thus produced, as

the needs of civilised society outgrew a legislation fitted for much ruder times, and while fresh legislation consisted wholly in the patching and darning of the holes and rents in the old garment, were denounced at the end of the last century by Jeremy Bentham. During the last forty years, great efforts have been made to reduce the law to order, and in these no man has laboured more patiently, discreetly, and successfully, than the veteran reformer Lord Brougham. There have been in criminal law, already three successive sets of Consolidation Acts. The last set was passed only two years ago. They repeal all former acts on the subjects to which they refer, and contain the pith of what is now the working criminal law of the land.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

THE benevolent author of *A Souvenir of Solferino** has the satisfaction of seeing his good work prosper. Three thousand copies of his book have been sold, and a fourth edition is about to appear. It has been translated into German, English, Dutch, and Italian; a Swedish version is near completion. Whether an European war is to be avoided or not, a few months, or weeks, will show; but if ever war be excusable, it is surely when waged against monsters who make parents suffer for children, and children pay the penalty of parents; who indiscriminately imprison young and old; who burn human beings alive, thrusting them back when they escape from the flames; who inflict ineffable horrors on widowed women; who hang girls of seventeen, and venerable priests for carrying lint to the wounded and giving absolution to the moribund. Even in an unjust war, the soldier, the irresponsible agent of another's will, merits our pity when maimed and suffering; how much more will he deserve our active sympathy if, as is only too possible, he suffer in fighting against such a dismal, dreary, and abominable system?

M. Dumas's charitable idea has already received the countenance of several governments. Several sovereigns have declared that they will take under their immediate protection and personal patronage, the societies which shall be formed for this benevolent object; and several other potentates—those of Baden, Belgium, France, Hesse, Holland, Italy, Prussia, Spain, Sweden, and Wurtemberg—have also expressed their good will and approbation.

In each country the leading idea has naturally assumed a special form, in accordance with the circumstances of the nation. In Holland, for instance, Prince Frederic is at this moment causing inquiry to be made how far the task of International Societies for aiding wounded soldiers can be combined with (and receive an immediate commencement of execution, for the countries of the North) the office and the new regulations

* See page 283 of the present volume.

of the existing Order of St. John. Here are new lists thrown open to noble chevaliers—the battlefield of charity. In England, ladies of the highest rank have bestowed their attention on the question, in which every woman ought to feel the deepest interest. This good work—eminently humane in the highest sense of the word—invites the aid of every individual, to whatever nation, worship, or political opinion he or she may belong. Catholic Sisters of Charity would feel themselves at home and at ease by the side of Protestant Deaconesses who receive their mission from the reformed Christian Churches of Europe; while both would co-operate with Jewish infirmières—pious women who consecrate their lives to tending the sick. Russians and English, Austrians and French, will meet on the common ground of charity and real civilisation.

The opinion of the author of *A Souvenir of Solferino* (as well as of the Genevese commission) is, that, in each country, committees should be formed—a sort of framework in permanence—who, during time of peace, shall keep themselves constantly informed of every improvement relating to ambulances, new inventions for the transport of the wounded, and so forth; and who shall also endeavour to propagate, as far as possible, among the populations whence armies are recruited, sentiments of humanity. *A wounded man prostrate on the ground should be regarded as SACRED. This has been forgotten only too often.*

In time of war, such committees will direct the persons who shall manifest sufficient good will, and, above all, charity, to give their personal aid in the ambulances and hospitals, and who may even be placed, for that purpose, at the disposal of the staff. Committees organised in different countries and in divers localities, although quite independent of each other, will find the means of thoroughly understanding each other and communicating, in case of war. The committees and their delegates ought to be officially recognised and accepted by the respective governments. The corps of volunteer infirmières are always to be amenable to the military authority, to whose discipline they are to be rigorously subjected whenever they take part in a campaign. These corps should be composed of well-qualified assistants, who will keep in the rear of the armies, without giving the slightest trouble, causing the least disturbance, or occasioning any expense. The volunteers are to cost the belligerent armies nothing; they are to be called for whenever wanted, and dismissed when no longer required. These well-organised detachments will have their chief and various grades of successive rank. They will have their own means of transport, their provisions, medicines, and surgical accoutrements of every kind. The directing committees will hold the infirmières at the disposal of the military chiefs.

General Dufour, moreover, desires that throughout all Europe some conventional sign, generally recognised, should be adopted—such as an uniform, or armet, or something else of the kind, to

designate these volunteers, and enable them to be distinguished everywhere.

The Grand-Duke of Baden has sent to M. Dunant a sum of money as the beginning of a fund destined to the service of International Societies for aiding the wounded in war. This contribution has been paid in to the bankers at Geneva, who have accepted the office of treasurers to the Genevese International Committee. The Queen of Prussia, following the example of the Queen of Holland, has also taken the subject under her patronage, and encouraged the formation of the new and benevolent institution. The military journals in general have spoken of the project in friendly terms. M. Dunant has received marks of sympathy from Marshals of France, Field-M Marshals of Austria, and Generals of several countries. Medical bodies are equally favourable.

We every day read of the sad scenes of carnage which stain the plains of Poland and America with blood; but there is no one to relate the lingering tortures, the lengthened martyrdom of the wounded, who expire in slow agonies, or are carried off by locked jaw, for want of a little water, a scrap of lint, a friendly hand, or a word of encouragement and consolation. May the publicity given by our journal to the existence of such wants help to supply the friendly hand and call forth the consoling voice! We are assured by eye-witnesses that M. Dunant's account of the distress experienced at Solferino for want of sufficient nursing aid, instead of being exaggerated, falls below the reality.

PUNCH IN AUSTRALIA.

THE Indian Punch has already found a place in these pages. An opportune packet of recent numbers enables us to present his Australian brother to our readers.

Our first judgment of a periodical, as of a person, depends upon appearance. That of the Melbourne Punch is decidedly in its favour, though its comeliness be not of an original character. It is as much like the Punch of Fleet-street, as paper, type, and wood blocks, can make it. The cover bears so strong a family resemblance that you might throw the two together on the table and not note the difference at first glance. There is the jester in his easy-chair, there is the dog Toby, there is the brimming bowl, and there is the easel, varying in no important respect from the original. There is a marked difference, however, in Punch himself. The Colonial jester is Punch the younger. He is taller, straighter, and affects a certain elegance of costume. He even wears his hump as if it were an ornament. He has the Punch physiognomy, but it is less matured. He wears his jester cap jauntily on one side of his head, revealing the fact that his hair is scrupulously curled; and he takes his view of men and things through an eye-glass. His weekly number consists of sixteen pages, the outer eight of which are given up

to wrapper and advertisements. It is excellently printed, and would look as well as its London namesake, if the drawings were as good and as well engraved.

The resemblance ends with the appeal to the eye. A brief perusal of the contents assures you of the fact that you are in the midst of Kangaroo politics, Kangaroo ideas, and Kangaroo society. Half the satire is hopelessly incomprehensible; but it seems calculated to give considerable annoyance in a good-natured way, which is of course the great object in view. That portion which we can understand includes a great deal of good and fair hitting, and is vivacious, to say the least of it. The topics treated are almost entirely local, being mainly confined to Melbourne; extending occasionally to other parts of Victoria; but treating Adelaide and Sydney for the most part with silent contempt. Those places may have their Punches for all we know; but if so, those periodicals are unknown to fame; and it was certainly reserved for Melbourne—the youngest and most flourishing of the Australian colonies—to lead the way in this luxury of civilisation.

And Melbourne surely contains elements of comedy peculiar to itself. Other colonies have generally progressed by degrees, and as they have grown prosperous, have grown older and more sedate. They have worked their way, in fact, and learned the discretion which comes from long and perhaps difficult experience. But Melbourne came suddenly into its wealth, before it knew what to do with it, and has ever since been conducting itself very much like a sailor on shore. It became prosperous before it had time to get prudent; it became populous while still in its hot youth. There are of course many persons in Melbourne who occupy their natural positions, such as they would occupy in any part of the world—the members of the professions, for instance, and others, who have the voice which they have a right to exercise in the administration of public affairs. But, on the other hand, there are crowds of diggers and successful adventurers of all kinds, who form a little aristocracy of their own, and who have bullied or bought their way into prominent positions. Until a few months ago, every man had a vote, and any man who could get votes enough might enter parliament. The consequence was, the legislature became swamped with ruffianism, and government was rendered impossible. In order to put a check upon the popular exuberance, the present parliament has just passed a law, compelling nothing less than a property qualification on the part of the candidate, and an education test on the part of the voter. The property qualification merely means the deposit of a small sum of money, sufficient to act as a check on the imagination of the casual costermonger, or the promiscuous loafer; the educational test simply provides that the voter shall be able to write his name. There are some other provisions, such as the enforcement of certain residence in a place before voting;

and the change altogether is expected to be of a very salutary character. The "educational test" alone, it is said, will disfranchise thousands of persons who will not take the trouble to qualify for the register. At present many of the conditions of society are sufficiently startling to a stranger. The owners of many of the handsomest houses and equipages in Melbourne are men belonging to the lowest class, who have made their fortunes at the diggings: while scions of great families in England, and men who have taken honours at universities, are found driving cabs, serving in the police, or following the profession of tavern waiters. A recent writer on Melbourne tells us that the family with whom she was staying had a gardener who bore one of the most illustrious names in this country, who, from the "superiority" of his manners and appearance, evidently had a right to it, and who sent in his little bill in a style of official elegance worthy of a first lord of the treasury!

The whole system, in fact—political, commercial, and social—is made up of such strange elements as to afford a favourable field for a satirical journal; and the Melbourne Punch makes the most of the opportunity. A few illustrations will best establish the fact; we will begin with politics. The first that attract our attention are some mild hits in the form of "Answers to Correspondents." The first probably refers to some newly arrived "swell" who ventured to complain of not being received with proper attention:

"*E. B.*—Titular dignity is not sufficiently regarded out here; and the inferior order of Irish may be considered vulgar. We cannot understand why the governor, the two Houses of Parliament, the judges, the bishops, the sheriff, the Collingwood volunteer band, the bar, and the rest of the community, were not on the pier to receive you upon the occasion to which you refer."

When a wit of the period was taken to see the first reformed House of Commons, his only remark was that he had never seen such a collection of shocking bad hats in the whole course of his life. The Melbourne legislature seem to be equally unadorned, to judge from the following:

"*O. T.*—The members of the Legislative Council are not all well attired men; but it would be better for you to leave your next message in full dress. Even general postmen are not ashamed to do it!"

The following appears to allude to no less a person than the premier:

"*J. O'S.*—The doctor may forgive you; but we cannot. If your colleagues will not let you speak out in the cabinet, that is no reason why you should be riotous in the house. Resign."

The kind of conduct imputed to the premier seems to be not unknown among his subordinates. Since the date of this little hint, there has been a fracas in the refreshment-room of the house, which has caused the retirement of an

official. Here is a little hit at the governor, who does not seem to be very popular just now:

"Jones.—We do not understand why the colonial aristocracy always say 'Your Excellency.' The Duke of Newcastle addresses his letters simply, 'Governor Sir Henry Barkly.' Perhaps our swells are better educated than his grace."

Here is a bit of local gossip, supposed to be written by the Melbourne correspondent of the Sawpit Gully Times:

"... But there is a split in the ministry! Johnston and Anderson are so overbearing that the others will not submit to it. In case of disruption, it is doubtful whether J. or A. will be sent for. It will be one of the two, of course. The worst of it is that the governor has taken his passage under a feigned name by the Great Britain; and it is not likely that his successor will understand the complication. Nous verrons."

"It is not true (at present, at least) that Hugh Glass and J. H. Brooke are in partnership, or that the latter gentleman attempted to make terms with the squatters before leaving for New Zealand. The rumour arose from Glass's being seen on the Sandridge pier about the time when Brooke left; and scandal has it that Glass and Heales returned to town in the same cab. Should this prove the case, M'Lellan, the only honest man in the house, intends to resign. Nixon may follow!"

The local governments, it seems, have adopted a new system of public instruction, as far as the payment of masters is concerned. Their remuneration is for the future to be, not by fixed salary, but so much per boy for every boy made to reach a certain standard of acquirements. The decision is supposed to have drawn forth a remonstrance from a boy, who says:

"I am one of the happiest fellows belonging to St. Vitus' school in—well, never mind what street—Melbourne. We were the happiest boys going some time ago, our happiness only interrupted by an occasional caning on account of *Arma virumque cano* [it will be observed that this industrious young joke has spread to the colonies], &c. But about three months ago a change came over the spirit of our dream; our head-master's face assumed a most anxious look, he took to shaking his head dolefully whenever he came across any 'thick,' and looked at and handled the cane most significantly. We could not make out the import of these signs till Jones (who has to read the paper to his father every night till he is hoarse), a fellow in the fourth form, told us that the commissioners had decided on a new system called 'Payment by Results,' by which masters would have no fixed screw, but would get 6s. 8d. for every boy perfect in reading, 6s. 8d. for every boy perfect in writing, and 6s. 8d. for every boy perfect in arithmetic, that is to say, a pound for a perfect boy. Jones also added that he had seen letters in the paper saying that a master, in order to keep himself alive, must lick like winking to bring his boys up to

the mark. This created an awful sensation among us, the non-perfect boys, and our consternation was still further increased when we heard that the master had a private list something in this style:

	Worth to me.		Must be licked up.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
Jones	13	4	6	8
Smith	7	6	12	6
Brown	11	4	8	8

"Oh, Mr. Punch, write against this, and save us from this woe, for my heart bleeds at the thought of what some fellows must suffer! There is Fred Phillips, he is 5s. 6d. at present—3s. for reading, and 2s. 6d. for writing. He may be licked up to 13s. 4d., but I am blowed if he will ever get beyond that, seeing that he does not and never will know anything about arithmetic," &c. &c.

Our colonial contemporary appears fond of verse: here is a fair specimen of his powers in that line. A member of the Legislative Assembly, named Macadam, who seems to be an universal genius and a pluralist in office, was announced as intending to leave Melbourne for Europe. The poetical valediction which he receives is from a well known model:

Wanted some gentlemen fitted to fill
The posts of Macadam with competent skill,
In physics and filters and driving the quill;
Legislating, debating, and drafting a bill;
Ethical lectures—and aught else they will—
For the posts of Macadam were increasing still—
They were increasing still.

He was sniffer of scents to our own corporation,
Detecting strange matters by analysis;
He was chemical lecturer to Alma Mater,
And the Royal Society's special curator.
He discoursed to small boys on all sorts of knowledge,
At the Eastern High School, which is called the
Scotch College;

He was reckoned a don at deodorisation,
And he managed the whole of the last exploration.
He was Member of Parliament, up to his trade,
And sat upon all the committees they made.
In the courts as a witness he has not been lacking,
He would analyse aught, from Glenlivet to black-
ing.

Diseased bullocks' lungs were his own special forte,—
Or pleuro-pneumonia as it's called for short.
He was great upon poison and great upon oil,
And in fact, all admitted, a monster of toil.
As M.D. to his physics he'd stick like a Turk,
And as M.L.A. em-ul-a-ted the work.

But now he is going away it is said,
And a few dozen persons are wanted instead.
Wanted some gentlemen fitted to fill
The posts of Macadam with competent skill,
One to lecture, another to represent still
The Castlemaine voters,—the rest well or ill,
To analyse, botanise, deodorise, phil-
osophise, theorise, exercise, till
The posts of Macadam they properly fill—
They properly fill.

Our contemporary does not addict himself much to commercial topics; but here is a hit under the head of "Shipping Intelligence."

"PORT ALBERT, GIFFS' LAND.

"*March 1st.*—Sailed.—Brig Kopperbotham, with a hundred fat bullocks, a quantity of empty casks, and a sausage-machine of considerable power.

"PORT CHALMUS, DUNEDIN.

"*April 1st.*—Arrived.—Brig Kopperbotham, after a protracted passage, consequent on continual calms.

"The cargo consists of one hundred and fifty tierces of prime navy beef, ten tons of real German sausages, and a second-hand sausage-machine in good preservation."

It is in social topics that our antipodean jester principally shines. The forms of satire are much the same as those employed by our English Charivari; but there is a strong colonial flavour which preserves their originality. We find fine-lady-ism, servant-gal-ism, swell-ism, and all the other 'isms familiar to us at home, duly represented, but heightened in colour as befits a young and vigorous state of society, and accompanied by other elements peculiar to it. Lord Dundreary has, of course, claims on colonial attention, and, as may be supposed, he is made to pay a visit to Melbourne in search of his brother "Tham." His arrival at the principal hotel is graphically described, as well as the fears which he expresses to his valet of being speared by any of the barbarous aborigines, his lordship having always had a horror of anything black—especially the red Indians. He has not quite got over the associations of the voyage, and asks if there are any Quakers ahead before he resolves to venture forth in quest of his brother. He is astonished to find such a thing as sherry in a place like Australia, but is glad to take a glass of Amontillado before dinner. He is very great with his nautical knowledge, and talks about the sailors letting go the binnacle in a high wind, and the captain asking "how's her head," under the impression that some lady is unwell. He asks the people at the hotel what colour the governor is, and whether he wears an opossum rug over his shoulders, carries a spear, and puts clay in his hair; and he is pleasantly surprised at finding that the governor is white, wears coats and trousers, and is not in the habit of making his dinner off convicts, kangaroos, and quartz reefs. Under the circumstances, he thinks he will call upon him, and has his pistols prepared, in order that he may traverse the streets in safety. In the next number he meets Sam, whose name turns out to be Frederick, and is characteristically astonished to find that he lives at a station which is situated in a bush—whether a gooseberry, a raspberry, or a currant bush, he cannot undertake to say. He objects to Sam's brown hands, but consents to shake one of them, and, learning from their owner a little about the country, is delighted to find that the natives are not carnivals who eat one another, nor cornelians who feed upon nothing but air. The pair then sally forth, his lordship expressing his opinion that it is a pity Melbourne is not laid out like

London, so that a fellow can find his way about, and adding that the person who built it made a mistake in putting it so much in the sun. The last we hear of his lordship, is, that he takes more wine than is good for him at dinner, and gets into a condition which, it appears, is known in the locality as "truly rural;" and that notwithstanding the dissuasions of Sam—who is represented as thoroughly brisk and colonialised—he delivers a lecture upon things in general at the public library, which discourse we will not inflict upon our readers. The Dundreary joke, it may be remarked, appeared quite fresh and healthy at the antipodes, and seemed likely to have a long run.

Swells in general are fertile food for our contemporary. The most superb among them appear to have a particular contempt for the unfortunate governor. Several "social cuts" illustrate this prejudice. In one of these we are introduced to a new arrival of decidedly plebeian aspect, and in the "truly rural" condition already referred to. He is leaning helplessly against a wall, and appeals to a gentleman of aggravated military appearance who is passing by. The following dialogue ensues:

"NEW ARRIVAL (*with introductions to the governor*).—I say, old f'ler, can you (hic) tell me where S'renry Barkly lives?"

"MELBOURNE CLUB SWELL.—I suppose, my man, you allude to the present guv'nah. I don't know him."

The order of swell who is too proud to attend to duties for which he is not too proud to be paid, appears to be represented at Melbourne as at most other places. In one of the caricatures he is found making an excuse for his late arrival at office, which would not be quite available at home. His irate superior remonstrates with him in strong terms. In reply, he says: "Ate some poisonous fish last night, sir; very ill, sir; did not expect to come at all this morning, sir."

It seems that there has been a panic at Melbourne on the subject of poisonous fish. The particular excuse is, doubtless, adapted only to the locality; but we have our poisonous fish in this country in many shapes. It was remarked last year that garotting interfered very much with office hours, and that the victims could be recovered only by copious draughts of soda-water.

The new comer in the colony—or "new chum" as he is called—is a favourite mark for satire. As a general rule, he is the reverse of welcome. In the first place, it is understood that he comes to share the local loaves and fishes, and leave the less to be divided among the old residents; in the next place, it is assumed that he is fully prepared to "give himself airs" as a fresh exportation, and to treat the colonists and all that belongs to them with utter contempt. Accordingly they resent him very severely, and "don't care who knows it." They object to his whiskers; they think his voice affected; his coat and trousers they regard as personal affronts,

Not that the colonists—in the towns at any rate—are otherwise than alarming dandies themselves, as the caricatures sufficiently testify, but the new comer is naturally a few months ahead of them; and this it is not easy to forgive. The ladies especially, it appears from all accounts, indulge in a degree of luxury in matters of millinery, which out-Parises Paris, and throws even New York into the shade. Only the other day a writer who stayed some time among them, told us of a thirty guinea bonnet being seen at a picnic. The Lucy Hocquets of London or Paris would be puzzled to produce a head-dress costing this amount of money, unless they trimmed it with sovereigns or Napoleons. But it is true that a new comer has a very difficult part to play. The slightest assumption will crush him in colonial society. There is an instance known, indeed, of a gentleman and lady who went out under most favourable auspices; with a very fair amount of capital and the very best introductions. But they managed to make themselves unpopular on board ship by not associating with the other passengers. Their reputation landed with them; their introductions went for nothing; and their money would not last for ever; a few months afterwards, the gentleman who had planted himself upon his social position was found selling lucifer matches in the streets! On the other hand, there seems to be no doubt that a "new chum" who, in popular phraseology, "has no nonsense about him," and takes kindly to his position, very soon finds friends, and by the time he becomes an "old chum," has become a prosperous member of the community.

Children, as a general rule, exhibit a wonderful degree of precocity in Australia, and "the rising generation" furnishes a fertile theme for the local satirist.

Another favourite subject for cuts is more peculiarly colonial. "Native pride" becomes a fruitful theme for satire. The aborigines, although they occasionally consent to be civilised and to take service, are very sensitive concerning their dignity, and omit no opportunity of asserting their claims as the first lords of the soil. One of the illustrations of this weakness represents a hideous-looking native, clad in tattered European clothing, and with no shoes on his feet, but carrying himself with a jaunty air, and smoking a clay pipe with great complacency. An English servant-girl, standing before the door of a house, is offering him a pair of boots, of the description named after Marshal Blucher. The "noble savage," however, rejects them with disdain.

"Nah, me want Wellingtons. If me wear Bluchers folk take me for new chum."

In another cut, a country storekeeper addresses a native waggon-driver, who seems more occupied with his own importance than in attending to his oxen:

"COUNTRY STOREMAN.—Here, Johnny, take box along a station—savey?"

[It appears, by the way, to be the custom for

all Britons to speak to aborigines after the ingenious manner in which nurses speak to babies.]

"COLOURED PARTY (*irately*).—Savey! Go blazes, savey—take me for Chinaman?"

The proceedings of the Acclimatisation Society form a standing joke with our colonial contemporary. But in the comedy extracted from this subject we fail to see quite so much brilliancy as is occasionally bestowed upon others; and the hits are generally too esoteric to bear reproduction.

It may be supposed that the heathen mythology is not very familiar to the lower class of settlers in Australia. It is not surprising, therefore, to hear of a stable-boy (aged about thirty) discoursing in this manner to a friend at the sculpture-gallery of the Melbourne Public Library:

"STABLE-BOY.—They don't give ye the weights and colours, but they gives ye their names. That's Venus [*pointing to a copy of the Venus of Canova*], named arter a very plain mare as belonged to Sir Joseph; she was the dam of Haffrodighty. Yonder's Aristides, named arter a vichious hoss as belonged to Lord Eglinton; and there's Hercules, named arter Sir Hercules, who weren't no great performer hisself, but he got good stock."

The same misapprehension may, however, exist among the same classes in England; for a professional knowledge of horses somehow seems to preclude the remotest knowledge of everything else. The "sporting world" is the most isolated of all the other "worlds" into which society is divided; and we have heard of one of its most enthusiastic members who makes it a rule to name his children after the respective winners of the Derby in the years when they are born. As the family run is on girls, the effect is slightly whimsical; and the young ladies as they grow up will not, perhaps, be greatly charmed to find themselves called West Australian, Caractacus, and Macaroni;—the latter, by the way, having had a narrow escape of Lord Clifden. And as they will have no chance of changing their *Christian* names upon an interesting occasion, the infliction must be doubly distressing.

Public men in Australia appear sometimes, in the language of schoolmistresses, to "forget themselves," and to provoke that withering popular sarcasm, "Do you call yourself a gentleman?" We gather from some verses in the Melbourne Punch that two barristers, who were engaged on different sides in a police case, recently came to words, and to something more too, in a rather remarkable manner. Barrister number one, it seems, described the prisoner, who was the bone of contention between them, as having been intoxicated on the occasion which gave rise to the proceedings. Barrister number two denied the assertion; upon which Barrister number one expressed his opinion that Barrister number two was not himself in a state

to be able to tell the difference between the two conditions. To this retorted Barrister number two, that if he did occasionally "take a drop," he did not go rolling about from its effects, as some other people did. Thereupon Barrister number two asked if the insinuation were directed at him; to which Barrister number one replied that of course it was. Barrister number two then declared that Barrister number one was a liar; and Barrister number two, repelling the assertion with his fist, Barrister number one threw his hat at his learned friend. It missed him, however, and there the matter seems to have ended—at any rate, as far as the proceedings in court were concerned.

All this sounds disgraceful; but we are inclined to take a more charitable view of it, and to consider it only colonial. So far from the majority of men changing their nature with their sky when they cross the ocean, our experience points directly to the belief that they only intensify that nature, and render it more peculiarly and entirely their own. In Australia the word colonial is continually used by the rougher class of settlers to express force and convey emphasis. If a digger wants to be particularly positive in an assertion, he says, "I'll take my colonial oath of it." His friend who has imbibed too freely, he will describe as "in a colonial state of beer." As an expression of endearment, he will call the same friend "a good old colonial fellow," and it is by no means certain that "yours colonially" will not be his form of concluding a letter, if he happen to be able to write one.

Here is a specimen of the domestic style of joke:

"ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES ABOUT TO MARRY.

"Do. But if your husband that is to be, is given to gambling, let it be a condition precedent to the marriage that he shall give it up; and when you put the announcement of your nuptials in the paper, add, for the information of your bachelor acquaintance, the significant words, 'No cards.' The late Miss — adopted this ingenious course many weeks ago, and the happy bridegroom so far has not suggested even whist."

A very good illustration of the social status of some of the local senators is afforded by a sketch of a scene at a railway station. A gentleman (more or less) is standing on the platform, and talking through the window to a lady (more or less) who is seated in a second-class carriage.

"Where is the good man this morning?" asks the outsider.

To which the insider replies:

"Oh, you know he's a member of parliament, and has a free pass; so he travels first class."

The members of parliament, under a recent administration, were allowed—that is to say, they allowed themselves, by an act passed for the purpose—the annual stipend of three hundred

pounds. But the arrangement was abandoned, as it was found that the position of a legislator became a great deal more attractive than was consistent with political purity, to say nothing of the public welfare, and that the persons whom it principally attracted were exactly the very worst men who could be found for the work.

Everybody who has experienced it describes up country life as the dreariest of dreary inflictions: fully justifying the policy of those who prefer the bird in the hand to the two which may possibly be awaiting them in "the Bush." If the state of society be anything like that pictured in our contemporary, it deserves all that its worst enemies can say of it. Three men in beards and boots, and garments something more than outlandish, are smoking their pipes round a fire in a rude hut, and they hold the following political discussion.

"FIRST PASTORAL PARTY (*after half an hour's silent smoking*).—Well, they may say what they like in the Eastern Market, but when we are wanted we're all there.

"SECOND DITTO DITTO.—We are so, my word!

"THIRD DITTO DITTO.—No fear."

(*Another half hour's silence ensues.*)

At Melbourne, to judge from the accounts of travellers, and more especially from the indications afforded by the local satirist, we should suppose the state of society to be decidedly more vivacious than most society in Europe. Punch—which we may here observe is generally written with good taste—makes more free with some subjects than is usual in this country. Thus, we gather from its pages that one of the members of the government is about to appear in a divorce case, in which he figures as a co-respondent. In England such an occurrence would be treated with a certain degree of gravity—if treated of at all—even in a comic periodical. But the Melbourne Punch makes merry on the subject, and gets as much fun out of it as possible, not one of the several squibs at the gentleman's expense blazing up into anything like severity. That this kind of levity represents the general tone of society we do not suppose; but the inference is that there is a class of readers to whom it is acceptable. The social as well as the political life of the colony has not been painted by most travellers in very flattering colours; and the somewhat unfavourable impression produced by their pictures in this country is, we believe, not quite a fair one. The latest work concerning Australia, by an evidently conscientious and candid writer, distinctly charges several travellers with having formed hasty and careless conclusions, and with having generalised too much from individual characteristics. And the author of *Three Years at Melbourne* is herself so scrupulous in avoiding anything like startling sensation-writing, that she has a high claim to be accepted as an authority. It is obvious that the value of a traveller's verdict depends entirely on the opportunities for collecting evidence which such traveller has enjoyed. We complain of

Frenchmen coming to London without introductions, and with no chance of getting the smallest glimpse of society, and of their writing accounts of England and the English, from observations made at a foreign hotel in Leicester-square, and a little experience of the streets. Under these restrictions it would be impossible to give an idea of France and the French: though life in Paris is a far more out-of-door life than life in London. In a place like Melbourne, the difficulty is greater than in either London or Paris; and that Australia has suffered considerably from the superficial observations of the British bookmaker, is loudly asserted by local writers.

In a place where adventurers, swindlers, and all kinds of persons who have left their country for their country's good, are arriving by every ship, any person who aspires to reasonable respectability must be constantly on his guard; the consequence is that Australian society is virtually closed against all new arrivals not bringing very good introductions; and even when they do bring the best introductions they are not always received with open arms, for reasons already referred to. The fact we believe to be that in Melbourne there may be found as well bred and as highly cultured persons as anywhere else in Europe; but that these are not necessarily included among the richest, or among those holding the highest offices in the place. In strictly private circles, intercourse is as refined and as well regulated as at home; but on more or less public occasions, and in any large assembly, the company is what masters of the ceremonies call "mixed."

With regard to the execution of the work which has formed the theme of this paper, we have already expressed a favourable opinion. It is true that much of its jocularity is so severely local as to be lost upon us; but considering the merit of what we can understand, we are quite contented to take *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, and to consider the rest a great deal better.

TWO RUSSIAN VILLAGES.

I AM about to describe two Russian villages that I know;—the Small and the Black. One shows Russia at its best; the other shows the ordinary state of things below the surface-polish of the capital.

The Small village was unlike any Russian country village I had ever seen. The proprietor of the place, either wisely or by good luck, had placed the whole management in the hands of a man of the right stamp; not one of the engineering comets who pass over the Russian scientific horizon, dazzling the native vision with schemes promising fabulous per-centage; not an avaricious and tyrannical Niemitz; not a crafty pilfering Russ; but a plain practical man, who could understand that his own and his employer's interests were best consulted by the material improvement of the people under his control. He had been reared on a small farm in Ayrshire, and knew all the practical shifts and ex-

pedients necessary in dealing with poor people and poor land; he possessed that indomitable energy and perseverance which has made many of the once heathery hills and boggy plains of Scotland the most fruitful farming land in the world. Catherine, Paul, Alexander, Nicholas, have all employed Scotchmen in their navies, armies, and manufactories; and these men and their descendants are to be found naturalised and prosperous in many parts of Russia.

On the estate of the Small village, I found a beetroot-sugar mill, a large saw mill, corn mills, a vodka distillery, excellent stables, cowhouses, dairy, store-rooms, conservatory, garden, hothouses, all kept in the utmost order. The people, who looked clean and cheerful, had been cleared of the sheepish sullen cringing air of serfdom, and they looked me in the face. In addition to his farming operations, this good manager had established a small foundry and mechanics' shop, where both iron and brass goods were cast and manufactured. In the mechanics' shop, I saw about thirty men and boys busy at work, with files, hammers, and chisels of English manufacture. There were a blacksmith's shop with five forges, a joiner's shop, a painter's shop, and a large department for the making of carts, sledges, and all kinds of wheels. It may be worth notice, that the rims of Russian wheels are made in one piece, and not in sections, as in England. Birch-trees of the proper size are cut down and trimmed to the length and thickness required, are boiled for from four-and-twenty to forty hours in a large caldron of water, and are then bent, fastened, and laid up for a year or two to season. Naves and spokes are afterwards put in by a rude contrivance, and the one joint is made very secure with iron plates and bolts. A wheel made in this way, and shod with half or three-quarter inch iron, will last an immense time on the high road. On the soft unmacadamised roads in the interior, no iron is necessary. The bearings of these wheels are so broad, that it is almost impossible to overturn the carts and carriages set on them. Thousands of such wheels were made in the Small village, and sent every year to the various markets. Besides these, I saw ploughs, harrows, and portable thrashing machines, in course of manufacture; while I was looking over the estate several persons from considerable distances arrived with articles for repair, and orders for new goods.

The wooden one-storied huts of the people were clean, well built, well thatched, and had glass windows. Separate places were provided for cows, horses, pigs, and poultry; adjoining each hut was a strip of land, composing the garden and farm of its occupant; a post with a printed board at the top, facing the main road, set forth the name of the possessor of each allotment. Although the snow on the ground made it impossible to see the state of cultivation, it was evident from the abundance in the little barns and yards, and from the ge-

neral appearance of the peasants, that their old slovenly lazy habits were giving place to industry and self-respect. On inquiry, I found that on this estate, serfdom had been abolished for some years, and that the work was all done by free Russian labourers. The Lady Obrassoff had freed her serfs, and by a judicious system of encouragement and assistance was gradually making men of them.

"It is true," said the steward, "we pay more for labour now, and we have to give them pasture-land and wood at a mere nominal price. But we get more work for our money, and by-and-by the small farms let out will become more valuable, and pay higher rent, although madame's income from her land has been for a time reduced considerably. The profits of her works, too, are already so much increased, that, on the whole, we thrive under the new system. This will not be the case with many other proprietors who have not taken care to conciliate the people, and find good work for the surplus population. At first, I was much put to it for workers in the mills and shops; many of the people having heard of high wages in Moscow and St. Petersburg, rushed there, but most of them have since returned, bringing report home that in the great towns work is scarce and living high, and that, on the whole, they find themselves better off in the Small village. I expect that as soon as the serfs are free to go where they choose, great bodies of them will rush to the capital and large towns, expecting high wages. This will glut the labour-market in places already fully stocked, and they will return to their native places. For a time they may cause great loss and annoyance to those who possess land and works in the interior, but a few years will remedy the evil."

In the winter of 1862, many serfs, who had been spontaneously freed by their barons, rushed to Moscow. When I was in Moscow last, the city swarmed with masses of starving peasantry seeking work and finding none; on a late country journey I saw thousands crawling back to their villages and begging their way.

Visiting madame at the great house, I found an English governess at home with her there, in the heart of Russia. It is a general practice among the better classes in Russia to educate their children, especially girls, at home. Placed under the charge of a chief governess, a young Russian lady is often attended by a retinue of tutors, comprising a German, a Frenchman, an Italian, and an Englishman, besides Russian dancing, drawing, and music masters. I knew a case in which a young lady's education cost her guardians two pounds a day, for teachers' and governesses' fees alone. All must be natives of the country whose language they profess to teach, and must come, or profess to come, from their capital. Scotch or Irish men or women are tabooed either as governesses, teachers, or companions.

Having complimented madame on the improving condition of her estate,

"Ah, yes," she said; "my steward has done

wonders outside, and we have not been idle inside. All things are changed, and oh, how much better it is! Formerly, when the people were my own, I was obliged to have seventeen or eighteen servants of one kind and another in the house, to wait on us four ladies, and then we were not half served. Now, we have only five hired servants, all free, besides the gardener and coachman; and from these we get better attendance. We are quieter, there is less waste and stealing, and the cost is not one-half. The effort was at first hard work, for, sometimes when we were teaching them to be free—poor things—they did not know what it meant. But we persevered, and now I am very happy. It will be a long time, however, before I get the idea out of my old head that these independent creatures are my children. Lucy" (the English governess) "and Sanya have started a school for the peasants' children. At first they bribed the little things, and even the parents, before they could get them to come; now, they have too many. The young ladies also visit the sick and the aged; and Lucy has lately taken to remonstrating with the few lazy and drunken fellows in the village. About a year ago, she gave me a little book of Scripture tales, of which I am extremely fond; it is in English. Well, we three Russians soon translated it into Russ, intending to get it printed for circulation among the peasants and their children. But you see, at my last confession I had to tell the priest what I and my girls had done. He saw the manuscript, and prohibited the publication."

"And will you not publish it?"

"Oh no; it would be wrong. I dare not. It is as much as I can do, to get the school carried on. But come here into this corner; I want to tell you about Lucy. That young lady has a strong determined character, and must have been trained in good principles. During the first three months she was in my family, she effected a great change in it. You know how abjectly the peasants behave when they ask a favour or receive one?"

"Yes; they cross themselves, bow down their heads level with their heels, kiss your feet, grovel on the very ground, and kiss the earth you walk on."

"So it is, and we are so much accustomed to it that this servility seems natural. They will do it to our children when occasion requires, crawling and grovelling before them. Poor young things, what can they imagine but that the abject souls are dogs and pigs compared with themselves? I have seen one little fellow, not disposed to grant a request to a great sprawling man, join to his denial a kick in the face. Well! One day after Lucy had been a short time here, two male peasants came in and began their prostrations before the young girls; they had a petition to make to me, and wished for their intercession. Sanya, although she is a good girl, took it quite in order, as part of her natural birthright. Not so Lucy; I was in the next room, and heard her say, 'Get up, men, and stand on your feet like human beings;

I will not hear a word while you lie on the floor; and looking through the curtains I saw her with her fingers in both ears. Sanya said, 'Lucy dear, let them go on, they are only moushicks.' 'They are men,' said Lucy; and turning to them, she said, 'Now listen and remember what I tell you; never go on your knees, and kiss the ground to me again. I won't have it; you must kneel to God only. Stand up and make your request in a respectful manner, then I will hear you, and help you if I can.' The moushicks did not understand her; they stared in blank astonishment; they heard her words of rebuke, but supposed that they had not been abject enough; and again cast themselves down at full length. Lucy ran into my arms and burst into tears. My Sanya could not for a long time understand it, but I hope I did; and the end is, that this abominable practice has been peremptorily abolished in my family."

Now, let me describe my visit to the Black village, or, as the Russians call it, "Churnoi Deravonie."

We (for I was not alone) arrived about ten o'clock, in fine time and humour for breakfast, but saw very few evidences of life as we passed down the road between the straggling poverty-stricken shapeless hovels of mud and wood. On approaching the baronial residence and farm offices, we found a small crowd of some twenty peasant men and women assembled at one of the barn-doors, where a middle-aged lady was gesticulating with direful energy to the assembled peasants. The lady was dressed in a fur wrapper, had tied her head up in a comfortable woollen shawl, had put her hands in good warm fur gloves, and wore on her feet a pair of long velvet boots lined with rabbit-skin. The peasants seemed as if they had just risen from consuming fever. They were lean and wan and haggard, with their hair matted, their poor clothing tattered, and their faces fixed in sullen discontent. The lady, busy among her "souls," did not appear to notice our approach. She was in too great a passion to attend to anything but the outpouring of her wrath.

"Dogs! sons and daughters of dogs! Is this the service you pay your baron? Pigs and swine! Is this a time to come to your work? Rats and vermin! You should have been here at four o'clock, and now it is ten. Defilement of mothers! I will have every one of you whipped. And you, starost, who ought to be an example, are the worst of the whole pack of thieves. You came here at this hour with seventeen souls, when you ought to have had forty here at four o'clock to thrash and put that rye away. Devils you all are! If my brother were well, he would punish you like sons and daughters of dogs, that you are!"

The old starost, quite unconcerned under all this abuse, merely shrugged his shoulders until they reached his ears, and held out his two hands from his sides with each finger as far separate from its neighbour as possible. If any one would put himself in this posture, and stare fixedly before him until his eyes are glassy, he will

have achieved the universal deprecatory careless shrug of Russia.

"What's to be done, baroness?" he asked. "I have been fighting the pigs all the morning to get them to come, but, the deuce take it, they say they are all unwell, and cannot work. See! These are all I could get, and I had to pull them off their beds to bring them here, and, deuce take me, they are not worth bringing! But what's to be done, baroness? It's God's doing."

"Go into the barn and work, you whelps," said my lady. "Starost, drive them in, you old fool. Be quick, pig." And here she gave the old fellow a side blow with her gloved hand which made him stagger back. But, recovering himself, he pretended to make furious assault on the poor invalids, cuffing, kicking, and pushing them to the door of the barn, through which they huddled and disappeared.

"Now then, you old fool," said the lady, "go and bring the others."

"And who will watch these, baroness?"

"I will. Be off, thief."

"I'll try, baroness. But they won't come."

"Begone, devil, and obey my orders." Again she essayed to strike the man, but he started off in quick time to the village.

The language used towards these poor people did not astonish me. It is the usual style towards serfs. But it is not often that a lady is the speaker. I had been told of this baroness that she was a Tartar, and a Tartar she assuredly was. Observing us as the old starost left, she came hurriedly over to us. "Ah, bless me, is it you, my dears? Forgive me, you young ladies, I did not see you sooner. You are welcome, my darlings. How is your mother? Sanya, who is this you bring with you?" (I am introduced, and touch the Tartar's glove.) "You see what awful work we have with these serfs, sir? They think that since their freedom has been so much talked of, they are not to work any more. They are perfectly unmanageable. My brother's illness has forced me to take them in hand, and I'll let them know I am not to be played with. Now go to the house, dears, and take off your things. I will be with you as soon as I see these peasants at work." And off she went into the barn.

The house was large and dilapidated. When we drove into the front yard we found all silent and empty. No one came to take charge of our horses, or usher us in. Our coachman could not leave his horses, one of them being rather restive: so, after halloaing for some time, I was obliged to enter unannounced. Just inside the door, and coiled up in a corner like a huge boa-constrictor, lay what I suspected was the porter sound asleep. I gave him a shake, but this had no effect. I then kicked his legs, but he only groaned. Seeing a jug of water on a little table in the passage, I poured it on him. He started up half awake and made a fierce butt at me with his head. Fortunately he missed me, and came down on the floor, head first. This had only the effect

of so far rousing him that, when he looked up through his long tangled hair and saw a baron standing over him inquiring for some one to take the horses in hand, he jumped up and dived in at a side-door, bawling, "Gregory! Visitors!" Following close at his heels I found him tearing at the beard of another fellow, who was sleeping on a wooden bench. Gregory being awakened and informed of what was wanted, dived into a passage, shouting, "Evan! Visitors!" Finding that I had not yet got at the right man, I again followed, and, crossing a back court, entered an outhouse filled with straw. Here, I found Gregory pulling Evan by the legs out of his comfortable bed of straw. As soon as he became sensible that visitors were at the door with horses, Evan seized a long pole with an iron hook on the end of it, plunged it among the straw, and, after various failures, ultimately succeeded in fishing out by their grey ragged coats his two stable assistants. Thus reinforced, he leisurely proceeded to the front and took possession of our cattle. The battering-ram was ready by this time to act his part of lackey, and conducted us into the house. Several female heads popped out at various doors as we passed on, indicating a numerous if not a select retinue, and our conductor presently opening a door at the end of a passage, shouted "Visitors!" and left us on the open threshold. Advancing a few steps, we were in the presence of the lord and lady of the "souls," the pigs and dogs, vermin and devils.

The master of the house was an invalid. On one side he was nearly powerless, and he had partly lost his speech from palsy. His other side, however, was still serviceable, and with his sound arm he was flourishing a crutch at a red-shirted peasant who stood within reach: nor did it end in a flourish, for the crutch came down upon the moushick's back as I entered. I wondered the fellow did not run; but, looking down, I found that he was tied to the great arm-chair in which his paralytic lord was cushioned. The man's offence was, that in exercising the razor on his master's face he had made a deep gash. That he might be safely within reach of punishment the poor fellow was always tied to the chair while he dressed his master.

On a sofa lay a lady of portentous dimensions, enveloped in a loose robe by no means carefully arranged. Her face was hidden by a dense mass of very long hair, and in her arms she held a cat of Russian breed and wondrous size. On her knees on the floor was a young woman, who had in one hand a large comb, while the other grasped the locks of her lady, and she combed and searched and scratched, and picked away the particles of scurf which are apt to collect on all heads and all hair. Cleaner skins, cleaner heads, and cleaner hair, do not exist anywhere than among Russians of this class, for the process through which madame was going is a daily process, in which she and all the Russian ladies take delight. As the baron was still making wild efforts to castigate the unfortunate barber, and as his lady seemed unconscious of our pre-

sence, I turned to my companions for counsel. But the young birds were flown. I was alone in that august presence. Thinking discretion the best part of valour, I precipitately followed, and soon found my companions, by the sound of their laughter, in another room. There we waited nearly half an hour, during which time I received the following items of information regarding our baron, which, as he is one of a large class, shall be repeated.

He had been an official in a hospital department, or something of that kind, at Cronstadt or Petersburg, for many years. It was his duty to buy and dispense the stores and necessaries. His salary was below two pounds a week, and this seemed to suffice for payment of the rent of a good house, and enable him to keep a good table, and entertain good company. It had given his daughter an expensive education, and a dowry of more than two thousand pounds on her marriage-day. It had educated his son, a young man now nearly ready to enter the army as an officer; and had kept him in pocket-money. It had bought the Black village, and made its paralytic owner a baron. Finally, it had kept his widowed sister, the Tartar, for twelve years on the estate, as factotum, in the absence of the baron himself. But age and inefficiency will make themselves manifest even in government places, and the baron had now retired to enjoy nobility on his estate, among the hundred and seventy souls, out of whom he had always tried to get the utmost amount of work and obrok, and from whom he received with daily curses the least possible amount of service.

"Ah, this horrid emancipation proposal!" said his sister to me, after she came in and ordered coffee. "It is a most shocking act of injustice on the part of the emperor. His father was a gentleman, and would never have done such a wicked thing. He is a——Well! We shall all be ruined. My brother paid twenty thousand roubles for this estate and the souls on it, and by what right does the emperor take them from us without sufficient compensation? We are already feeling the bitter effects of it. Not one of these moushicks will work for us if he can help it. Even last summer a great part of our rye crop was suffered to rot on the fields, because I could not get them to cut it down in time. Think of ten souls, out of seventy, coming to the reaping-field, and these ten cutting only twenty-five sheaves a day each, instead of one hundred, which they can easily cut if they choose!"

Here a servant entered the room carrying coffee-cups, followed by another with bread, and a third with the coffee-pot. Madame looked and cried:

"Where is the cream, you fool?"

"There is no cream, baroness."

"No cream!" screamed madame, "and six cows in the stable!"

Off she ran to make sure. One of the cows had got to the cream and lapped it all up.

"Are you boiling the eggs?"

"Baroness, there are no eggs."

"No eggs, and a houseful of poultry!"

"The nests have been found empty."
 "Oh, Heaven help us! The thieving villains, they will drive me mad! Quick, you fool of a girl, and bring the butter that was made yesterday."

"Baroness, there is no butter. The young baron's dogs and the pigs got into the cellar and ate it all up."

"Liar!" roared the Tartar lady, and cuffed the girl out of the room: the girl screaming as she fled, "It is God's truth!"

"Give such pigs liberty!" said the lady, catching her breath. "We have two-and-twenty servants in this house, and yet you see how we are served. We dare not punish them now as we used to, and they don't care for my cuffing. Last July the young baron, my nephew, was here on a visit, and for some fault he lashed a peasant with his whip, and cut him over the eye with the handle. What do you think the wretch did? He complained to the"—I did not catch the name, but it was one of the 'icks'—"and there has been no end of trouble ever since about it. Ah! We used to get good work out of the moushicks once. They paid forty—some of the clever ones fifty and sixty—roubles obrok when they were out at work, and those at home were obedient and willing to slave for us five days every week. But now we can neither get obrok from those who are away, nor work from those who remain. Heaven knows how it is all to end; but I think the world is turning upside down. The mud is coming to the top. We shall all soon be slaves to our own serfs."

"But, my dear madame," I said, "why do you not adopt Madame Obrassoff's plan? Give them their freedom at once, a few deciteens of land, and time to pay?"

"And who is to work our land?"

"You must work it by hired labourers."

"And where are we to get them, and how pay them?"

"That you must provide for; the surplus of these peasants, if fairly treated, will work for you after a time."

"Not one of them! You are a foreigner, and don't understand these people. They are all revelling in the anticipation of a life of idleness and high wages. They are already dividing and picking out the best land for their share. As for paying for it, or working for us, nonsense! A moushick is never satisfied. Give him land, and he will ask for pasture. Give him pasture, and he will ask for wood. What he don't get, he will steal. No, *our* land must be cultivated by machinery and engines; and where the money is to come from I can't tell. Those who can buy engines, and wait twenty years for a return of capital, may hold on. As for us, we are ruined, and must sell what remains to us for what it will bring, if a customer

can be found. That, Mr. Englishman, is the condition to which we are coming, if the barons don't soon put a stop to this emancipation folly!"

A deciteen of land, measures nearly three acres. This quantity has been for many years selling in Russia from three to ten roubles, according to quality. The serfs do not in law belong to the barons personally, but the land does; and as the serfs were, by imperial edict, long ago made fixtures on the land, so, by a curious fiction, whoever possessed the land possessed the serfs or souls on it. Although not slaves by name, they were really as much slaves as any African negroes are the property of any American planters. Now, the emancipation edict severs that connexion totally. A serf is no longer a fixture on his master's land. He is no longer a serf, but a free man. He can go where he likes. The land is the baron's, but these now free people must live on it or by it. The edict, therefore, enjoins that a certain portion of it, five or six deciteens, shall be sold to each male peasant, and for this he must pay the baron fifteen roubles for each deciteen. The general price of land in the market being (as I am informed) not one half of this sum, the price seems to be a fair one, involving compensation: so on this head the barons would seem to have little cause to complain. But as the peasants are poor, it is decreed that they are to have nine years to pay in, at a stipulated sum per annum. Or if the baron be willing—and, indeed, whether he be willing or no—the serfs in a village may borrow money from the State, by becoming security for each other, and pledging their land, to pay the baron off at once. Thus, they can become immediately and wholly independent, with the State for their only creditor, while the baron obtains the wherewith to farm his own remaining lands. But such arrangements not being thought sufficient to meet the present need of the great mass of poor barons, the State has further devoted a large sum to be expended in loans for a long time, at low interest, on the security of the land, to these poor baronial proprietors. Such, with some other arrangements of less moment, are the terms of the famous emancipation edict now at last in force.

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